

THE KHEDEVE'S REALM.

THE LAND OF THE PHARAOHS.

Street scenes in Cairo—The Modern Palace.

An Arab Traveller—The Modern Palace.

The Cairo of modern Egypt is not a

city of one's dreams, writes a

correspondent of the San Francisco

Chronicle. Every one who has read

history thinks of an ancient city

in connection with what he has learned

of its life and deeds through long

epochs, and somehow he expects to see

a little or a great deal of all this when

he first fastens his eyes on the

place he has so long imagined.

He is usually disappointed. For the

modern almost everywhere covers and

conceals the ancient, making only

partial revelations of the past. If he

waits and searches he is, perhaps, satis-

fied—at least he realizes a portion of

his ideal. In Constantinople you come

directly into contact with the Turk of

the past, and you are sure to find

two thousand years ago, for Egypt has

been overrun since early in the present

century by Greeks, Italians, and

French, who have enervated the

native by their civilization, usurped

their commerce, and crowded them

into the background. Of ancient

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Italians—placed on streets and

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roses, with fountains, date-palms, and

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of modernizing and beautifying Cairo,

though one can never look at his im-

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poor people, who are the only ones

who are to be seen in the streets.

Bring almost any of these palaces

to the street, and construct a wide

walk along one of its walls, and you

have the principal style of

business- and banking-houses in

Cairo. The first floor only is used for

commercial purposes, the upper floor

being occupied by residents of various

classes. Sometimes the sidewalk is

covered by a colonnade, and as in the

famous mosque, the shops are small

and the buildings of less mag-

nitude. Distribute indiscriminately

among the palaces and shops some huge

barracks and some immense barrack

buildings devoted to the public

business, and even a stranger at a

distance can gain some idea of what

Cairo is like. The foreign portion covers

many miles of ground, some of the

finest palaces and gardens lying on the

banks of the Nile. Of course the Arabs, with

their camels, donkeys, and their tricks

of trade, are scattered throughout this

quarter, and their streets and houses,

or hovels, lie immediately about it.

Sometimes a minute, or at most five

minutes, from the beaten thoroughfare

will take you into the midst of a life

scarcely changed since the times of

Abraham, except as modified by

the developments of the last few

centuries. The old mosque, the old

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Travellers accuse them of malice, and

say that it is their delight to make their

animals kick and throw their riders

over their heads. Nothing could be

more absurd, for as no one will re-

employ or again use a mean

donkey-boy or a vicious animal, a

good reputation becomes of the ut-

most importance to the holder.

The donkeys are usually owned by

a well-to-do individual, who

employs the young Arabs to drive

them, and a prompt discharge would at

once follow any merited complaint.

This at least is the rule, though there

are, doubtless, exceptions. Considera-

ble effort is made to take care of the

use of strangers, for obvious reasons.

As a rule, the donkeys are not

not much larger than rabbits can be

seen staggering under the heaviest bur-

den.

The most interesting religion, be-

cause it is the only religion to-day which

can be called political, is the Moham-

medanism. It can, when in power, be

nothing else but the Church and State.

It dominates Turkey, and so directly

affects the politics of Europe. In the

present century by Greeks, Italians, and

French, who have enervated the

native by their civilization, usurped

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